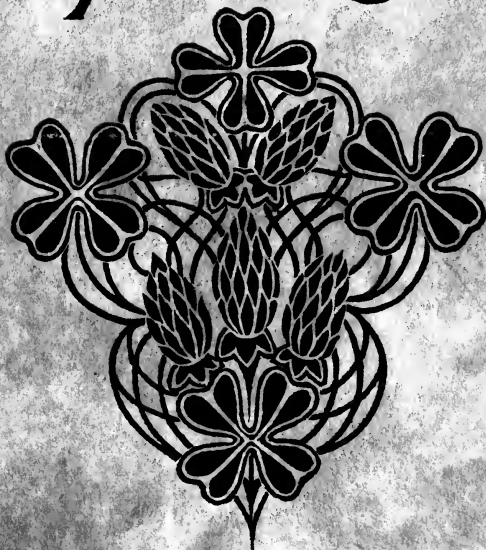


UC-NRLF



\$B 165 804

The Voice of April-Land



YC158942



124

The Voice of April-Land
And Other Poems

•The M Co. •

The Voice of April-Land

And Other Poems

BY

ELLA HIGGINSON

AUTHOR OF "FROM THE LAND OF THE SNOW PEARLS," "WHEN
THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN," "MARIELLA OF OUT-
WEST," "A FOREST ORCHID," ETC.

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

1903

All rights reserved

COPYRIGHT, 1903,
By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up, electrotyped, and published November, 1903.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

To

The Pioneers of the West

953

H637

vol

Would God that we, their children, were as they !
Great-souled, brave-hearted, and of dauntless will ;
Ready to dare, responsive to the still,
Compelling voice that called them night and day
From this far West where sleeping Greatness lay
Biding her time. Would God we knew the thrill
That exquisitely tormented them, until
They stood up strong and resolute to obey.

God, make us like them, worthy of them ; shake
Our souls with great desires ; our dull eyes set
On some high star whose splendid light will wake
Us from our dreams, and guide us from this fen
Of selfish ease won by our fathers' sweat.
Oh, lift us up — the West has need of Men !

M652987

CONTENTS

	PAGE
To the Pioneers of the West	v ●
The Voice of April-land	i ✓
House-of-the-Stars	3
The Chinook Wind	5
The Mother Prays	7
The Little Girl of Violet-land	9
Then and Now	10 ✓
"Fare-thee-well"	12
Love's Trembling-cup	13 ✓
The Message	16
The Rose	17
The Wayfarer	18
March	25
Surrender in Victory	26
The Star	29
In Wake-Robin Land	30 ~
The Path of Gold	31

CONTENTS

	PAGE
"Then you'll remember me"	32
The Rose of Day	33 ✓
A Parable	34 ✓
To M. B.	35 ✓
My Thoughts are Birds	36
Triolet	37 ✓
● Love learns slowly	38 ✓
The Guests of the Heart	39
"To her the Blessed Sleep"	40
April	42 ✓
Midwinter Dream	44
The Blue Sea calls	46
After Summer Days	48
Laurels	50
Love-song of the Wanderer	52
Annie Lisle	54
The Nights of June	56
At Midnight Mass	58
The Sweet, Low Speech of the Rain	60
The House that once was blessed of Thee	62
His Star	63
"I am so sorry"	65
The Trembling Heart	66

CONTENTS

PAGE

Dawn	68
The Mirror	69
Mother's Picture	70
The Cry of the Drowned	72
The Darkest Hour	74
September	75
The Little Child that went away	76
Remembrance	78
The Bad Dandelions	79
An Easter Love-song	81
In the Marsh	83
October	84
Midnight on Brooklyn Bridge	85
November	86
The Little Wave-maidens	87
Burial	89
A Mood	90
The Vision	91
Forget-me-nots	92
The Call in the Dark	93
The Opal-sea	94
Thanksgiving	95
Riches	96

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Up, my Heart, and sing	97
A Threnody	98
The Fog Horns	99
Love, the Firefly	100
"The Pale Green Alder-way"	101
Betrothal	103
The Childless Mother's Lullaby	104
Bloom-time	107
June Rain	108
The Sailor's Sweetheart	110
The Still Willamette River	112
The Watchword of the Stars	115
Adoration	116
The Lady of Poppies	119
Undaunted	121

The Voice of April-Land
And Other Poems

THE VOICE OF APRIL-LAND

*A voice came up thro' the April-land
And spake a word of the sea ;
Straight leaped the sap in the alder's veins,
Star-flowers blew in the lea ;
The lark's throat ached with his passion-song —
My heart with the love of thee.*

*A voice came up thro' the April-land
And spake a word of the sea ;
The humming-bird yearned for the eglantine,
For the clover yearned the bee ;
The wind for the wet lips of the rain —
My heart for the heart of thee.*

HOUSE-OF-THE-STARS



HEN I come up the hill at night
And see my home far, high, aloof,
All Heaven's stars seem glittering
Upon its storm-worn roof.

They outline all the gables steep
Above the square, unlighted panes,
And all along the eaves they hang
In bright and sparkling chains.

Dear house, thine ugliness by day
Is turned to beauty overnight,
And all thy dark, unlovely lines
Flash into lines of light.

HOUSE-OF-THE-STARS

Yea, all about thee, silently,
When dusk lets down her purple bars,
The very winds that sweep the hill
Shake loose the silver stars.

Far do I wander from thy peace,
Far from thy simple, sweet content ;
Often in idleness and wrong
My empty days are spent.

Yet nightly up the lonely hill,
Above the town, above the sea,
I climb with lifted eyes to find
The stars that shine for me.

So, though I wander late and far,
When Death lets down the purple bars,
Dear God, wilt thou not let me in
Thine own House-of-the-Stars ?

THE CHINOOK WIND



OME, soft Chinook, and lift thy glowing
face

Above the line of yonder fir-crowned hill;
Free ice-bound meadows, loose the frozen
rill,

With thy warm breath and magic touch of grace.

Oh, dear Chinook, send one long, laughing glance
Across this glittering stretch of sudden snow;
Set grasses greening and the rose ablow,
Stir purple violets from their fragrant trance.

Set April's skies in mid-December's world,
Shake April's laughter, every pulse to thrill,
Wake silver bird-notes on yon silent hill,
Let this dull sea with sun-flakes be impearled.

Come like a maiden, innocent and fair,
Who lightly with her delicate finger-tips
Flings tender kisses from her parted lips —
Kisses that bloom to roses everywhere.

Come, soft Chinook — for gentle pity's sake ;
Set young hearts beating, young hearts all aglow,
Kiss from old veins the frost and ice and snow, —
And like a silver bugle cry — “Awake !”

THE MOTHER PRAYS



H, Mary, Mary, Mother Mary,
The night is dark and long,
The rain beats drearily on the roof,
The wind is wild and strong;
To-night I pray only to thee —
Tell me, if this be wrong.

Oh, tender, pitying Virgin Mary,
Thou hast the mother-heart;
Thou knowest how tears wrought of blood
Up from my torn breast start
At the mere thought that Death should seek
To bear this child apart.

Oh, Mary, Mary, Mother Mary,
The hours are long and slow;

Help me to bear them as I kneel
Where she lies still and low,
The only little child I have —
I cannot let her go !

Oh, gentle, patient Virgin Mary,
To thy kind heart I plead
For her, so little and so sweet !
Thou know'st the mother-need —
Tell God ; and for this one dear life
(For Christ's sake) intercede !

Mother, — the prayer dies on my lips
Shaken with agony ;
Thou of the tortured mother-heart, —
I leave it all with thee !
Plead thou with God this awful night
To spare this child to me.

THE LITTLE GIRL OF VIOLET-LAND



H, tell me where is the little girl
With the wind-blown hair and the fragile
hand,
Who once in the beautiful days ago
Dwelt with God in Violet-Land?

She talked with Him in her childish speech,
She walked with Him, and He held her hand;
One might have known by her lifted eyes
That she dwelt with God in Violet-Land.

But oh, for the word of the baby lips,
And oh, for the touch of the baby hand!
And oh, for the throb of the raptured heart
Of the little girl in Violet-Land!

I stand and look thro' the distance far,
My eyes grow dim beneath my hand,
For I seek and call, but I never find,
The little girl of Violet-Land.

THEN AND NOW



THOUGHT I did not care — till you
were gone,
And I heard the wind grieving thro' the
leaves,

To the plaintive rhythm of the midnight rain
As it dripped, dripped, dripped, from the time-worn
eaves.

The while I danced with tireless feet, and light,
You held no place within my care-free mind;
Nor when, upon my dappled mare, I raced,
Undaunted and triumphant, with the wind.

For then my very soul was full of life
That pulsed and throbbed and raced my being
through,
And I was all-sufficient to myself —
Ah, then, I gave no lightest thought to you !

But when I crossed a field one winter's day
 And heard a slender brook go singing by ;
 When a pale crocus opened by the way,
 A swift sweet memory moved my heart to sigh.

And when I hear the restless, wind-vex'd leaves
 Grieve to the rhythm of the midnight rain,
 Thro' all my being thrills the vain desire
 To feel your warm, heart-shaken touch again.

“FARE-THEE-WELL”



HE never said “good-by,” but “fare-thee-well” —

“It is a sweeter word,” she said;
We thought of it with tears that bitter day
She lay before us dead.

The eyelids fell and shut the love-light in,
So constant thro’ all gladness and all tears,
And though we spake so low, it seemed as if
She smiled, as one that hears.

The lashes drew a curving shadow on
The frozen languor of her cheek;
And still we listened, for it seemed as if
The tender lips must speak.

Yea, though she wore upon her quiet brow
The pale bloom of the asphodel,
It seemed as if her sweet, sweet lips must part
And murmur “fare-thee-well.”

LOVE'S TREMBLING-CUP



NTO a woman Love one day
Came jauntily and said :
“ Thou art of haughty mien, but I
Can lower thy proud head.”

But smiled the woman scornfully :
“ I challenge ; do thy worst !
I'll drink thy bitterest dreg, and cry
‘ I drank thy nectar first ! ’ ”

Then to her lips Love held a cup,
And joy more keen than pain
Leaped up her pulses to her heart ;
She drank — and drank again.

“ Drink deep,” Love said, half-pityingly ;
“ Poor foolish one, drink deep ;
Then to thy couch — a night comes on
When thou wilt pray for sleep.”

LOVE'S TREMBLING-CUP

For one year and a day she knew
The rapture of the blest —
Such ecstasy as Mary thrilled
When Christ slept on her breast.

Then came Love to her jauntily,
And looked into her eyes ;
“ I have another cup for thee ;
The hour has come — arise ! ”

But smiled the woman scornfully :
“ It is the cup of pain ;
I drank thy nectar first — and now ” —
She proudly drank again.

“ I like thy spirit well,” Love said ;
“ Come, keep thy courage up.”
He held before her dauntless eyes
Still yet another cup,

And lightly dropped the broken pearl
Of broken faith ; it sank

And melted in the amber dregs ;
With pallid lips she drank.

The look of death grew in her eyes,
She did not shrink or speak,
But up the gray of ashes came
And covered brow and cheek.

“Now drink,” quoth Love, “my bitterest cup,
The cup of jealousy ;
But first look in its ruby depths,
And speak. What dost thou see ?”

*She saw another woman's breast
Pillow his head ; and there
Those sweeter, younger, lingering lips
Pressed kisses on his hair.*

The cup shook on her teeth ; she drank,
And bowed her head, and cried :
“Love, ere I drank thy nectar first,
Would God that I had died !”

THE MESSAGE



WHY did I waken suddenly ?

Did a star fall ? Or, hark ! . . .


Did a bird call ? Or did Hope

Set a lamp in the dark

To flame full into my eyes

And signal, — “ Awake ! Arise ! ”

THE ROSE

 HE put her arms around Death's neck,
And leaned upon his breast;
For life had not been kind to her,
And it was sweet to rest.

"Poor Heart," Death murmured, bearing her
Upon her lonely quest;

"Whence came this red, red rose, whose thorn
Has pierced thy bleeding breast?"

As up the amethystine deeps
They mounted to the sun,
She smiled into the eyes of Death:

"It is my love for one.

"Has it a thorn? And do I bleed?
I do not know or care"

(She smiled again); "I only know
That red, red rose is there."

THE WAYFARER



MET her in a dim sweet wood,
She reached her liliated arms to me;
Her eyes were like the stars that shine
In a full midnight sea.

Her unbound hair held flecks of gold,
Like sunlight trembling thro' the leaves;
Her voice was like the wind that steals
Among the ripened sheaves.

Her breast was whiter than the snow
New-fallen on some mountain height
Where only snows on white snows fall,
Silently day and night.

Her garment was of pearly stuff
That fell about her thin and straight,

So thin her lovely limbs shone through,
Soft, round, and delicate.

Her waist was circled, girdle-wise,
With creamy lilies, yellow-tipped;
Her breath was as sweet as wall-flowers,
And she was delicious-lipped.

“I am that fair Desire,” said she,
“Whom, soon or late, each man must meet”
(She reached her liliated arms to me);
“Kiss me, my lips are sweet.”

I kissed her not; I spoke no word;
The night was soft, the hour was late;
A maid so chaste and perfect must
Be kept inviolate.

“Kiss me, my lips are very sweet.” . . .
I trembled, but I spoke no word.
“My arms are warm.” . . . I turned away,
As if I had not heard.

“ My breath is sweeter than clove-pinks ;
And if a kiss be long,” she said —
I waited then to hear no more,
But thro’ the forest fled.

She followed ; and I felt her breath
Upon my neck, upon my cheek ;
And heard her voice entreating me,
But would not turn nor speak.

But when her steps fell faint and far
Behind, so I could scarcely hear,
And her insistent pleading fell
No longer on my ear ;

Ah, then, with passionate longing torn,
I trembling paused, and listening stood,
To hear if she still followed me
Thro’ that lone purple wood.

It seemed I heard the twinflower bells
Announce the coming of her feet ;

The very perfume of the musk
Thro' my full pulses beat.

The dogwood lit her silver stars
To light her as she came ;
The broad reeds whispered ; the brook tried
To falter out her name.

Something went thro' me wild and sweet —
All music, perfume, color, fire —
Sought, found, and thrilled and filled my heart
Full, full with white Desire.

(God witness !) Still I tried to turn,
To flee ere it might be too late ;
Still said, — “ A maid so perfect must
Be kept inviolate.”

But once again I felt her breath
Upon my brow, upon my cheek ;
Her sweetness shook me to the soul,
I could not move nor speak.

I felt her arms about my neck,
Her tender warmth within my breast;
And then her fragrant, trembling mouth
Upon my own was pressed.

(God hear me!) Then I knew no more;
My very soul went from me — went
To lose itself in the soul of her
In swift, sweet ravishment.

* * * * *

The years are long; and many maids
Have crossed my life, have touched my heart;
But in my mem'ry, pure and white,
That one maid dwells apart.

Like some clear light that God has lit,
She shines across my darkest night;
Let come the thought of her, and lo!
My heart thrills with delight.

But I shall never see her more,
Tho' I have sought her far and wide;

She is gone utterly, as if
At my embrace she died.

Can she be dead? That lily-maid?
In dreams again I hear her call,
And feel the perfume of her breath
In petals round me fall.

And waking eagerly I lean
To press my cheek deep in her hair,
Or find the sweetness of her mouth —
But lo, she is not there!

She is not there nor anywhere;
I know that she will come no more;
And yet I haunt the dim, sweet wood
That lies along the shore,


And listen if I may not hear,
As once I heard, her far, sweet call,
Or on the beaten, yellow leaves
Her coming footsteps fall.

Come other maids that bear her name,
But touched not with her sacred fire ;
She was the holiest of them all —
My own soul's fair Desire !

Too fair for my rough touch, alas !
I should have worshipped her afar ;
Kissed her gown's hem ; and bid her guide
My footsteps, like a star.

So fair was she that when the dusk
Shakes loose the scent of musk and fir,
Dearer than any living maid
Is the memory of her.

MARCH

EY, alder, hang thy tassels out
This blue and golden morn;
And willow, show thy silver plush,
Wild grape, thy scarlet thorn!

And velvet moss about the trees,
Lift every russet cup;
The dew is coming down this way,
With pearls to fill them up.

And birds, why tarry so a-South?
Spent is the bitter rain!
With messages of love and cheer
Come North, come North again.

SURRENDER IN VICTORY



ORD, we have made an honest fight
And won the victory ;
We fought as men who love the right,
Fiercely and fearlessly ;
And now we turn aside and give
Our trembling thanks to Thee.

Lord, it is not for us to drink
The salt cup of defeat,
And victory is glorious,
And victory is sweet ;
Yet still we bow our heads and lay
Our laurels at Thy feet.

It is not for Americans
To boast that they have slain
The heroes who have fought and bled
For their beloved Spain ;

Nay, — help us to remember, Lord,
That they have died in vain.

Not sweet can it be, Lord, to Thee,
But grievous in Thy sight,
For nations to rise up in wrath
And man with man to fight, —
Each thinking his the only truth,
And his the only right.

But, Lord, the need was, and we fought
Fiercely and fearlessly ;
And still less sweet would it be now —
More grievous — unto Thee
For us to blow the trumpet loud
In boastful jubilee.

So check the tumult of our joy,
And hush the rising cheers ;
We have the splendid victory,
And they the blistering tears ;
For us the laurel wreaths ; for them
Defeat that burns and sears.

It is the time for thought ; the time
For noble silence, Lord ;
To-day the mourning-dove of peace
Thro' all our land is heard ;
To Thee alone Americans
Kiss and give up the sword.

THE STAR



LOOK across the waste of night ;
My eyes swim deep in tears ; for there,
Plain to my sight, tho' bleak and low,
Lies the deep valley of Despair.

Must I, too, walk those bitter miles
To that dark mire rimmed round with stones ?
Must I leave bloodprints on the way,
And lay my bones with those bleaching bones ?

I turn and lift my praying eyes
To the far, sweet deeps of heliotrope,
And lo ! a star is coming up —
The beautiful God-sent star of Hope.

IN WAKE-ROBIN LAND



HIS is the path to Wake-Robin Land,
Oh, come, my Dearest, and we will go,
Like two little children, hand in hand —
This is the path to Wake-Robin Land!
The waves break silver along the sand,
The air is sweet and the tide is low —
This is the path to Wake-Robin Land,
Oh, come, my Dearest, and we will go!

Love, let us tarry in Wake-Robin Land,
Alone with the bird-songs and blossoms and God;
'Tis even sweeter than we had planned —
Love, let us tarry in Wake-Robin Land!
Like two little children, hand in hand,
The sky our tent, and our pillow the sod —
Love, let us tarry in Wake-Robin Land,
Alone with the bird-songs and blossoms and God.

THE PATH OF GOLD



HE path of gold on the deep blue water
Trembled across to our very feet,
And oh, but the wood was pink with roses,
And oh, but the birds sang loud, sang
sweet !

The path of gold on the deep blue water
Dimpled and sparkled that August night ;
We said, — “ It begins in love and roses,
Ends only in heaven’s delight.”

“THEN YOU’LL REMEMBER ME”



YOU sang . . . The sad years fled like mist,
The hills were green again,
The lilies opened snow-white cups
In every wood and glen.

You sang . . . The dark to sunlight turned,
The skies were blue above,
And every lark across the fields
Took up the tune of love.

You sang . . . Our hearts were young again,
Your notes dropped sweet and slow,
And each remembered one whose name
Must now be spoken low.

THE ROSE OF DAY



HE day is opening like a rose,
Petal on petal backward curled,
Till all its beauty burns and glows,
And all its fragrance is unfurled.

The day is dying like a rose,
Soft leaf on leaf dropped down the sky
To gulfs of beauty where repose
The souls of exquisite things that die.

A PARABLE



THE Night goes down as a new Day comes
up,
The face of each lies at the mountain
rim,

The whole wide beryl world apart ; the one
Is flushed and proud — the other wan and dim.

So Old Age sinks to Life's low horizon,
While in the east with eager, beating heart,
Fair Youth comes boldly up. . . . They look across,
Each at the other — a whole life apart !

TO M. B.



T may be but a tender little rhyme
About a cowslip or a violet
That nestles by a brook, blue-eyed and
wet ;

A crimson rose in some far southern clime ;
A laugh, a song, a merry Christmas chime
Thrilled thro' and thro' with tears ; a pearl regret
Within a chain of hope's bright rubies set,
Or it may be a passion grand, sublime.

But, oh, whate'er it be, sweet singer, sing !
As a glad lark across the reeded mere
Sings for a lonelier one with broken wing,
And lets his music swell with hope and cheer,
Sing thou ! For in thy song one ever hears
Faith and a tremulous laughter thro' thy tears.

MY THOUGHTS ARE BIRDS



Y thoughts are birds that haste away to
thee,
Winging the miles that hold us now
apart,
And then at night, worn out with ecstasy,
Drift homeward to be hovered in my heart.

TRIOLET



DEAREST, thy heart beats on my heart,
Oh, speak and say it is not a dream !
Tho' we are these sea-blue miles apart,
Dearest, thy heart beats on my heart,
And all its wandering pulses start
To a thrill of hope and a bliss supreme.
Dearest, thy heart beats on my heart,
Oh, speak and say it is not a dream !


LOVE LEARNS SLOWLY



FOR just a few brief hours
Her he forgot ;
The waves of pain swam round her heart,
The tears sprang quick and hot ;
And he, amazed, beheld them fall,
Love learns so slowly, after all !

Then — ah, the pity ! — straight
She spake the bitter word,
That hurt as she had little dreamed,
When silently he heard ;
Fate holds us ever in its thrall,
And love learns slowly, after all.

THE GUESTS OF THE HEART

AID Faith, "I've made you a visit,
But now I must go."
She went with reluctant glances
And footsteps slow.

She met at the very threshold
Pale entering Doubt ;
"Are you coming in," she said,
"As I go out ?"

"We cannot visit together,"
Doubt made reply ;
"The heart that bids me enter,
Bids you good-by."

“TO HER THE BLESSED SLEEP”



HE crocus cups had opened
Their beauty to the sun,
The hazels were outhanging
Their tassels, one by one;
The violets were blowing,
The cold, dark days were done.

The meadow-larks were singing
That February day,
Their notes as clear and joyous
As though the month were May,
When we went, broken-hearted,
To bear the child away.

So we shall always see her
Among the blooms at rest,

The peace upon her forehead,
The violets on her breast;
And hear about her singing
The love-larks of the West.

Yea, tho' our hopes lie buried
With her low, low and deep,
This thought shall be our comfort
The while we sit and weep:
God gave to us the sorrow,
To her the blessed sleep.

APRIL



HEY, pretty maid ! Whence comest thou
With violets linked about thy brow,
And zone of buttercups' own gold ?
The currant blossoms round thee fold
Their delicate beauty, red and sweet,
And star-flowers faint beneath thy feet.

Thou dear coquette ! A tear, a frown,
Dark lashes drooping shyly down,
To bid one hope the while he fears,
Then sudden laughter thro' thy tears ;
May all thy sweethearts now take care,
And of thy ravishments beware.

See how the soft wind kisses thee,
And how the rough wind misses thee,

And fruit trees blow and bend and sigh
When thy glad feet come twinkling by ;
And thou dost laugh thro' sparkling tears
And kisses fling at hopes and fears.

Ah, May is fair, and June is sweet,
And August comes with loitering feet ;
July's the maid to lie and dream,
Beside some blue and lilled stream ;
But April's sweetheart never yet
Could her tear-mingled smiles forget.

MIDWINTER DREAM



DID a robin call
From the alder tall?
Oh, listen . . . Hush . . .
Did I hear a thrush?
And the gray wood thro'
Did I catch the blue
Of a bluebird's wing
As he paused to sing?
(Or do I dream?)

Hark, hark! Did I hear
From the lonely mere
That shrill note set
In the flageolet
Of the frog? Did I hear,
Sweet, fine, and clear,
From the meadow . . . Hark! . . .

The song of the lark ?
(Or do I dream ?)

And trembling and high
Did a voice go by,
Sweet, lyrical, pure,
With a thrill and a lure ?
Did it rise and fall,
Flutelike, and call,
“ Oh, waken and sing,
I am Spring, I am Spring ! ”
(Or do I dream ?)

And straight did my heart
From its doubting start
To flower and sing
At the will of spring ?
And I — did I steal
To the forest and kneel,
Brow-bent, on the sod
And give thanks to God ?
(Or do I dream ?)

THE BLUE SEA CALLS



HE days grow long and bright,
Golden the sunlight falls,
But, ah, my heart! from dawn to night
The blue sea calls.

The pure and nunlike hills,
Where snow herself has trod,
Thro' perfumed air that stirs and thrills,
Kneel up to God.

The heights, sublime, afar,
Have held me in their thrall,
But 'neath the low, sweet evening star
The blue waves call.

I climb with trembling heart,
Irresolute and slow,

For, ever, that far human voice,
Pleads from below.

Oh, calling waves, be still !
Plead not, and let me go,
That I may climb, like yonder hill,
Up to God's snow.

AFTER SUMMER DAYS



WEEPS the rain in a mist
Of rose and amethyst,
Up from the purple sea,
Scented deliciously.

Trembles the wind's own lure,
Pleading, passionate, pure,
Touching the brow and the cheek
With lips that quiver to speak.

Up from the pastures push
The plumes of the steeple-bush,
To wave and beckon and nod
To the beautiful crimson-rod.


Comes the pale, delicate sheen
Of the awakened green,

The moss to the shaded nook,
The laugh to the throat of the brook.

Startles the emerald hush
With exquisite notes the thrush,
Liquid, rapturous, clear,
Straight through the sunset — hear !

“ Beautiful, beautiful, sweet ” —
Oh, hear the notes repeat !
“ Beautiful, beautiful, sweet,
Sweet — sweet — sweet ! ”

LAURELS

“H, tell me, Sweet, where the laurels grow,
My heart is eager — I long to go.”
“They grow on the mountain crest,”
she said,

With trembling lips and drooping head;
“But the thorns are deep and the way is steep,
’Twere better to be content, love-led.”

But he kissed her lips and he left her there,
Oh, he kissed her lips and her golden hair;
“I will pluck the laurels,” he said, “my Sweet,
And bring them to lay at my true love’s feet;”
So he breathed a prayer and left her there,
And climbed the mountain, strong and fleet.

And the years fled by. With a happy song
He gathered his laurels, proud and strong;
But when he brought them to crown his Sweet,
There was only a grave at his restless feet;
And he would cast down his laurel crown
Could he kiss her heart to a single beat.

LOVE-SONG OF THE WANDERER



CHRIST, I have come, and the way has been
dreary,
The stones of the mountain, the mire of
the lea,
My feet are bleeding, and I am weary,
Let me come back to thee !

Mine eyes were blinded, and I have been groping
Far thro' the darkness ; yet pity thou me,
For ever I have been struggling and hoping
For the way back to thee.

Is it too late ? The creeds they were preaching
Carried me on like the waves of a sea ;
Let me come back to thy pure simple teaching,
Let me come back to thee !

Lo, at thy door I am kneeling and pleading,
Hearken, O Christ, to my passionate plea;
I have come far, and my heart is a-bleeding,
Let me come back to thee !

Let me come in. I will open thy casement
And sing to the world of thy mercies that be ;
Lift me, dear Christ, from my deep self-abasement,
Let me come back to thee !

Gone is the darkness ; the dawn's palest glimmer
Flashes its beryl above the dim sea ;
Ere the smooth waves in the sunlight shall shimmer,
Let me come back to thee !

All the night long while others were sleeping,
No sleep or peace has there been for me ;
I have been kneeling and praying and weeping,
Only to come back to thee !

Let me come in. Ah, the way has been dreary,
The stones of the mountain, the mire of the lea ;
My heart is aching, and I am aweary,
Longing to be with thee !

ANNIE LISLE



ALL that long day of bitter pain
The sun shone down the hill,
Above whose crest continually,
The clouds pushed, white and still.

But when the dove of twilight came,
With murmurs soft and deep,
To gather in her suffering ones
And brood them all to sleep,

Oh, then I dreamed I was a child
Upon my sister's breast,
Without a longing or desire
Save for that sheltered rest.


Oh, was it but a feverish dream
Beneath the twilight's wing,

Or did I feel her tender arms,
And did I hear her sing,

As in the old and innocent years,
Hovered by twilight's dove,
She used to sit and sing to me
The plaintive song I love :

“ Wave, willow ; murmur, waters ;
Gentle sunbeams, smile ;
Earthly music cannot waken
Lovely Annie Lisle.”

THE NIGHTS OF JUNE

“ID you see that ?” said the rose
To the moon ;
“ No ; a cloud went over my face
Too soon.”

“ What was it you saw ? ” to the rose
Said the moon ;
(The night was a night of delight ;
The time — was June.)

The pink rose trembled and hung
Her head ;
“ I never could gossip of them,”
She said.

“ But only watch,” said the rose
To the moon,

“When the cloud has gone by!” . . . The wind
 Hummed a tune.

“God bless the cloud!” said the man
 To the maid,
As they paused alone by the rose
 In the shade.

“Oh, hush — here’s a rose,” cried the maid
 To the man ;
“It might see and hear! Do you think
 It can?”

(Oh, the nights and the dear delights
 Of June!)

“Did you see that?” called the rose
 To the moon.

AT MIDNIGHT MASS

(She Kneels)



ORD, Lord, I cannot speak the prayer
That aches within my heart,
But oh, Thou knowest the agony
From which these large tears start !

About me kneel the praying ones,
The fervent, the devout ;
Yea, from Thy mercy and Thy love
I, only, am shut out !

Through trembling fingers, one by one,
The consecrated beads
Slip slowly, as the passion mounts
From some poor heart that bleeds.

But since I cannot speak that prayer
So even Thou mayest hear,
Lord, Lord, wilt Thou not consecrate
Each bitter, falling tear,

And set it in a rosary
Of liquid, holy beads,
So every one that falls may be
A passionate cry that pleads ?

THE SWEET, LOW SPEECH OF THE RAIN



T is pleasant to lie in the gloaming
When the autumn is on the wane,
And the careful, rejoicing reaper
Has gathered and stored his grain,
And hear at the doors and the windows
The sweet, low speech of the rain.

To put by the thought of the sailor
Far out on the storm-rocked main,
Where the fierce waves leap and struggle
Like beasts in passionate pain,
And lie by the hearth and listen
To the sweet, low speech of the rain.

Ah, May has the burst of the blossom,
And the red of the willow vein,
And the glad uplift of the flowers
That lead in the fragrant train ;


But nothing so dear as the sweet, low
Speech of the autumn rain.

July has the rose and the purple,
And the sunset's golden stain
On the river that draws thro' the valley
A glittering, wave-linked chain ;
But never this lyrical, tremulous,
Sweet, low speech of the rain.

Each heart knows the joy of the winter,
The drift of the snow on the plain,
The book and the charm of the fireside,
The icicles fringing the pane ;
But ah, for the faltering, pausing,
Sweet, low speech of the rain.

Old friends of my heart come to-morrow,
Remembrance, Regret, and Pain,
But to-night I will lie in the gloaming
And be lulled by the lure of the rain —
By the rhythmical, lyrical, rhyming,
Sweet, low speech of the rain.

THE HOUSE THAT ONCE WAS BLESSED OF THEE

S this the house that once was blessed of
thee ?

I know the pattern of the papered walls,
And how this window opens on the sea ;

Familiar is the shape of rooms and halls ;
The latches to my touch yield readily ;

I know the gold that from the sunset falls
Athwart the sunken floor ; and can it be

I know the bird of storm that shrilly calls
From yonder crystal-beaded wave ? . . . Is this

The porch where, on a perfume-shaken night,
We watched the moon rise, languorous and white,
Thro' purple passion stars of clematis —

When first I yielded to love's strong delight
And trembled to thy arms, thy breast, thy kiss ?

HIS STAR



HE ship swings out ; the Captain stands
Straight and strong in his place ;
There are glorious things to leave behind,
More glorious ones to face ;
His cheek is pale, his brow is calm,
His lips are close and stern ;
And in his eyes, like beacon lights,
The fires of Courage burn.

“Now Captain, steer thou carefully —
Brave heart and steady hand ;
Charybdis sly and Scylla bleak,
Luring and threatening stand !”
But answer makes he none ; his hold
Is firm upon the helm,
And not a sea that rocks the world
That noble ship could overwhelm.

“Captain, beware the rocks ! Beware !
Steer for the open more !” . . .

“Nay, Captain, fierce the gale outside !
Run closer to the shore !”

Still, still they cry ; he answers not ;
Heavy and dark the night ;
But lo ! within the troubled East
A star is rising bright.

“Captain, I know the course ! Trust me,”
One pilot makes appeal ;

“Nay, nay,” another boldly cries,
“Captain, give me the wheel !”

The Captain neither heeds nor hears,
His gaze is set afar,
As bravely, calmly, dauntlessly,
He follows one white star.

“I AM SO SORRY”



CHILD came to her father yesterday,
Wet-eyed and trembling-lipped, yet un-
afraid,
And pardon for some wrong deed sweetly
prayed.

“I am so sorry,” low we heard her say ;

“Father, I did not mean to disobey.”

Quickly the sorrowful father bent and smiled,
And drew her to his breast. Then, reconciled,
The little girl went singing on her way.

So, dearest Father, I — so old in years,

And yet a child in that I blindly do
Wrong deeds that hurt and grieve you every day,
Come, unafraid, yet trembling and in tears . . .

“I am so sorry I have troubled you,
Father, I did not mean to disobey.”

THE TREMBLING HEART



LIFT my head and walk my ways
Before the world without a tear,
And bravely unto those I meet
I smile a message of good cheer ;
I give my lips to laugh and song,
And somehow get me through each day ;
But oh, the tremble in my heart
Since she has gone away !

Her feet had known the stinging thorns,
Her eyes the blistering tears ;
Bent were her shoulders with the weight
And sorrow of the years ;
The lines were deep upon her brow,
Her hair was thin and gray ;
And oh, the tremble in my heart
Since she has gone away !

I am not sorry ; I am glad ;
I would not have her here again ;
God gave her strength life's bitter cup
Unto the bitterest dreg to drain ;
I will not have less strength than she,
I proudly tread my stony way ;
But oh, the tremble in my heart
Since she has gone away !

DAWN



HE soft-toned clock upon the stair chimed
three —

Too sweet for sleep, too early yet to
rise !

In raptured peace I lay with half-closed eyes
Watching the tender hours go silently ;
The tide was coming in, I heard the sea
Shiver along the beach, while yet the skies
Were faintly lavender, as the light that lies
Beneath the fretwork of a wild rose tree
Within a thicket gray. The chanticleer
Sent drowsy calls across the slumberous air ;
In this half-silence sweet it was to hear
My own heart beat . . . Then broad and golden-fair,
Trembling across the mountain and the plain,
One radiant glow of dawn burst thro' my pane.

THE MIRROR



THOUGHT I saw Deception in thine
eyes ashine;
Was it but her reflection imaged deep from
mine?

MOTHER'S PICTURE



LAUGHING, a child, she danced before it ;
“It’s mamma,” she shouted, “why,
don’t you see?

I thought you would know the very first
minute —

Why, every one says she looks like me!”

Smiling, a maiden, she stood before it ;

“It’s mamma,” she said, and her voice was low ;
“The eyes and the brow, and even the dimple,
Are so like mine ; I thought you would know.”

Gravely, a woman, she stood before it ;

“It’s mother,” she said, and her words were slow ;
“The lines of care and the eyes of sorrow
Are like my own ; I thought you would know.”

An old, old woman, she stood before it,
Her step was feeble, her words were low ;
“ Oh, mother,” she said, “ thou hast crossed the river,
Thro’ the lone dark valley where I must go ;
Hold close my hand for the way is so lonely ;
Is my soul like thine ? And will they know ? ”

THE CRY OF THE DROWNED



AM dead, dead,

Down under the sea at rest !

I am drowned, drowned,

The waves press hard on my breast !

And curious eyes stare long at me,

And all the fishes wonder at me,

And horrible things crawl over me,

Under the sea, dead.

I am dead, dead,

And the ships sail over my head !

I am drowned, drowned,

They sail over my deep, still bed !

And old, sweet faces look down at me,

And old, glad voices float over me,

And loved hands ever beckon to me,

Under the sea, dead !

I am dead, dead,

They cannot see me that look !

I am drowned, drowned,

My life is a closéd book !

And those above see only the waves,

Nor ever think how each one laves

The broken hearts in the lonely graves,

Under the sea, dead.

I am dead, dead,

But oh, this deathless soul !

Though I am drowned, drowned,

It sees thro' the waves that roll,

The thoughts that no longer turn to me,

And the lips that no longer yearn for me,

And the hearts that no longer burn for me,

How bitter to be dead !

THE DARKEST HOUR



THE darkest hour is just before the dawn ;
Turn from the deep, black valley of
Despair,
And see the roses blooming every-
where,
In the lowliest spot as on the nurtured lawn.

There, shuddering in the wood the sweet-eyed fawn,
Crouching until the storm has spent its force,
Then with new courage leaping on its course ;
So, when the darkest hour has passed, the dawn !

O Hope, thou shalt not die till life be gone !
For he who fights, whatever fate befall,
Let him be true, and he will conquer all ;
The darkest hour is just before the dawn.

SEPTEMBER



URPLE and gold and crimson,
Lavender, rose, and green,
With luminous rays of opal
Trembling in between ;
And gold dust sifted over all
From heaven's curving screen.

THE LITTLE CHILD THAT WENT AWAY



HE little, little child that went away
From us that loved him, us that miss
him so —

God, fold him warmly in thy tender arms
These bitter nights beneath the snow.

Years pass us by ; sometimes we half forget
The little lad who went so long ago ;
But with the first sob of the winter's rain,
And with the first fall of the snow,

Oh, then, oh, then we bow ourselves and weep,
The old grief fresh ; it seems but yesterday
We knelt in tears to kiss the little lad
Good-by, and let him go away.

The summer lures us ; lo ! the slender brook
Winds thro' the valley, noted like a song ;
When trees are budding and the flowers bloom,
Oh, then we cannot sorrow long.

But when the winter huddles from the North,
And drives the sudden snow across the plain,
When long icicles fringe the eaves, and loud
The wind is moaning at the pane,

We look thro' tears across the night and see
The little grave so slender and so low. . . .
God, fold him warmly in thy tender arms
These bitter nights beneath the snow.

REMEMBRANCE



THE hours of light grow longer,
Briefer the hours of dusk,
In marshes soon will open
The green leaves of the musk.

The frog in cool wet hollows
His notes will murmur long,
The thrush thro' leafing branches
Will pour his golden song.

The grass will spring and freshen
The hillside as of old,
And all the fields will yellow
With dandelion's gold.

Yea, all the earth's rich places
To sweet, new joys will start;
But oh, the bleak and barren
Waste places of the heart!

THE BAD DANDELIONS



MILLION dandelions

Came out one April day,
And rambled up and down the hill
To laugh and play.

They shook their golden tresses,
And flung their kisses free,
And flirted with the sun and wind
Outrageously.

They were so much admired,
They were so rich in gold,
They flaunted up and down the hill,
So proud and bold,

That the envious swamp-cabbage,
That poor old "touch-me-not,"

So sour and discontented with
Her lowly lot,

Held up a flaming candle,
To peep and watch and spy,
And all who understood her speech
Could hear her cry : —

“ There’ll come a retribution,
’Twill shock the very town ;
Your pride will blow your boasted gold
To common silver ‘ down ’ ! ”

But the saucy dandelions
Fled laughing up the hill,
And, it is said in Flower-Land,
They’re laughing still.

AN EASTER LOVE-SONG

(*He sings*)



DEAREST, it is the Easter-time,
The love-time of the year,
And every little bird in rhyme
Is telling far and near
His passion to his listening mate . . .
Shall I alone, then, fear?

Nay . . . When the salmonberry shows
Its crimson, veiny bells,
And when the shadbush whitely blows
In lonely forest dells,
May I not tell my love in rhyme,
As his the robin tells?

When up the full veins of the pine
The saps push lustily,

And blossoms star the twinflower vine
 Around each mossy tree,
And wandering silver seabirds mate
 In hollows of the sea;

When the last fluffy snowbird goes
 The way that winter went,
And the thorn is scarlet on the rose,
 And the willow's silver spent,
And here and there and everywhere
 Is blown the violet's scent,

Then haply may I courage take,
 By love and hope made strong,
And pray thee, dearest, to awake,
 When the night is sweet and long,
And whitely from thy casement lean,
 To hear my trembling song.

IN THE MARSH



KNOW a dim marsh place where tulés
grow,
And mosses cling about the water's
edge;

The tremulous borders deepen, sedge on sedge,
And winds steal thro' them, murmurous and slow;
The dogwood's wingéd blossoms bend and glow
Like falling stars above the luminous pool —
How soft they are! How velvetlike and cool!
Here noiseless serpents, sliding, come and go,
Parting the grasses with a flash of gold.

The folded water lilies lie asleep,
In shallow cradles, to the drowsy croon
Of sensuous bees. It is the highest noon,
Yet all so still the frogs with murmurings deep
Make vocal marsh and wood and summer wold.

OCTOBER



OCTOBER walks these beautiful days

In a pale, pale lavender gown,
Slashed with the russet of dying leaves
And bordered with silver down.

Her head is bended, her bronzy hair
Is wind-blown over her eyes,
And the mantle twisted about her brow
Is woven of rosy dyes.

Her lips are sad with a mute farewell,
As she looks in the eyes of the year,
As two that love, yet meet to part
Without a word or a tear.

She carries an acorn rosary,
And when each bead has been kissed,
She draws her draperies round her,
And vanishes thro' the mist.

MIDNIGHT ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE



H, me! I know how large and cool and
white

The moon lies on the brow of Sehome
Hill,

And how the firs stand shadowy and still,
Etched on that luminous background this soft night;
How the nighthawk sinks from his starry height,
And breathes his one note, mournfully and shrill,
And crickets clamor in the marsh until
The dusk grows vocal with their deep delight.

City, a lifetime spent in thee were not
Worth one night in my western solitude!
Thy pulse is feverish, thy blood is hot,
Thine arteries throb with passion heavily;
But oh, how sweet I hear, in interlude,
The beating, moon-lured tides of Puget Sea.

NOVEMBER



OW comes that marvellous splendor of the
air

That brings a sudden glow to languid
eyes,

And that rich topaz flushing of the skies
That sets dull pulses thrilling. Wide and bare
Lie the shorn hop fields; and the pink mists loom
Upon the swelling bosom of the sea,
Till touched with sunset's luminous mystery
They seem far fields of oleander bloom.

At dark the Fog arises, pale and still,
And spreads her draperies, glistening and white,
Upon the shivering body of the night,
But draws them back at dawn about the hill;
While pushes upward through the silver hush
The enraptured lyric of the sunrise thrush.

THE LITTLE WAVE-MAIDENS



THE little waves came stepping
And courtesying up the sand,
Like bashful maidens holding
Each other by the hand.

They wore deep azure dresses,
And ribbons in their curls,
And every neck was circled
With tiny, precious pearls.

All day they played and chattered,
With laughter sweet and low ;
But when the sunset beckoned,
They all made haste to go.

“Now fare-thee-well, we’re going,”
They sweetly called to me,

And hand in hand went singing
Back to the purple sea.

But all across the acres
Of tidelands brown and bare,
They dropped the pale blue ribbons
Out of their wind-blown hair.

BURIAL



"ASHES to ashes and dust to dust,"

We laid our love away ;

For who would keep a thing that could
Not bear the light of day ?

But when the little grave was made,

And headed with a stone,

God knows the tears that we two shed,

Each in his heart, alone.

A MOOD



It must be sweet to be a dog ;
To have no longing, no desire,
For aught save food, the sun and wind,
The cheerful fire.

To love one master, serve him well ;
Be kicked, abused, left bleeding, sore ;
Then at his call to leap for joy,
And love him more !

To eat crumbs, and be satisfied ;
To lie and moan outside his door,
In torment till he open it,
Then, love him more !

To tremble at his slightest frown ;
To shiver for pardon at his feet ;
Forgiven, to thrill with ecstasy ;
It must be sweet !

THE VISION



HE gay room fades . . . I see a little child
Kneel in the purple gloaming by her bed,
The moon's pale kisses trembling on her
head.

How pure she is, how white and undefiled !
I hear her breathe, " Our Father," soft and low ;
I see the rapt look in her lifted eyes ;
(Ah, me ! What would the old in creeds and wise
Not yield that raptured confidence to know !)
"Lead us not into" . . . "Hallowed be thy name" . . .
The hurt comes to the throat ; and to the heart
The bitter ache for all the wasted years.
This little kneeling child, is she the same
That once I knew ? The sudden, blinding smart
Springs to my eyes. . . . The vision blurs in
tears.

FORGET-ME-NOTS



LITTLE cloud of blue came out
And settled on the sod ;
And one cried, " Oh, forget-me-nots ! "
One bowed and murmured, " God."

THE CALL IN THE DARK



VOICE went by in the dark
Crying, "Follow, follow me!"
I strained my eyes, but alas!
I could not see.

But the voice plead in the dark,
"Thou knewest me in thy youth,
Hast thou forgotten me now?
My name is Truth."

THE OPAL-SEA




REAT wave on wave of rosy-misted gold,
Outstretched beneath an opalescent sky,
Wherein soft tints with glowing splendours vie;

From far dim ocean distances are rolled
Sweet perfumes by the sea-wind strong and cold;
Here white sails gleam and light cloud-shadows lie,
And isles are kissed by winds that wanton by,
Or rocked by storms in unchecked passion bold.

Locked in by swelling, fir-clad hills it lies
One sweep of undulating gold; serene,
It shines and reaches under sunset skies;
The chaste Olympics pearl the space between
Till, burning in that splendid fire, they make
Fit setting for this peerless ocean-lake.

THANKSGIVING

“HAT does this woman thank God for?”

The other women said,
Looking on one who knelt apart
With lifted head.

“What is this marvellous ecstasy
That shines within her eyes?
Has she more rapturous joy than we?
Is she more wise?”

The woman heeded not; she kissed
The beads of her rosary;
And last she kissed the cross, and said,
“God, I thank Thee!

“None knoweth why I thank Thee, God,
Save Thou — Thou who art wise!” . . .
The light grew on her face; she smiled
Into God's eyes.

RICHES



HE far sweet rosy distances,
The snow peaks lone and high,
The sweep of softer hill, the firs
That climb and touch the sky ;

The rippling laughter of a brook,
A flower-scented rain,
A drench of liquid gold let loose
At sunset on my pane ;

The purple splendor of the night
Wherein Orion's three
Flash constant messages ; the frog
That murmurs to the lea ;

The wash of waves, the song of birds,
The red fall of a star,
The pale green mist upon the sea, —
These all my riches are.

UP, MY HEART, AND SING



THE dark, dark night is gone,
The lark is on the wing,
From bleak and barren fields he soars,
Eternal hope to sing.

And shall I be less brave
Than yon sweet lyric thing?
From deeps of failure and despair,
Up, up, my heart, and sing!

The dark, dark year is gone;
The red blood of the spring
Will quicken Nature's pulses soon,
So up, my heart, and sing!

A THRENODY



HE golden days are waning,
And far away the skies are gray,
To-morrow it may be raining.
(*Sing, bird in the alder !*)

The night comes soon and dreary ;
Above the town the hills are brown,
And the heart is lone and weary.
(*Sing, bird in the alder !*)

Ah, me, but the hours are lonely !
I bow and weep . . . Awake, asleep,
I want thee and thee only.
(*Sing, bird in the alder !*)

THE FOG HORNS

(He speaks)



HE fog broods on the city white and chill,
Its tiny needles stinging keen like hail ;
Across the sea, beyond the barren hill,
Continually the fog horns shrill and wail.

A tree climbs like a ghost from out the gloom,
Groping for sunlight with bare, skeleton hands ;
And underneath, the fires of death and doom
Within her eyes, a gray-faced woman stands.

O my belovéd ! in this strange, north place
Rush back old days that are forever new !
These shrill fog horns and this poor, haggard face
Remind by contrast of the June and you.

LOVE, THE FIREFLY



TILL, still I see the fireflies
Wandering thro' the dusk,
And the music falls about us,
Like petals of rich musk.

“Ah, love is but a firefly,”
The voice of the viol plead;
“A scarlet, wandering firefly,
By every fancy led.”

“THE PALE GREEN ALDER-WAY”



H, May comes merrily o'er the hill
And passes with twinkling feet,
With invitation in beck and glance,
And lure in her laughter sweet ;
But I look down the pale green alder-way,
And “ He never will come again,” I say.

At morn the red-vested robin calls
His love to his shy brown mate,
And half forgetting, I thrill to hear
The speech of the little gate ;
Then I look down the pale green alder-way,
And “ He never will come again,” I say.


And when the hush of the golden noon
Swims up to the deep blue sky,

My poor heart leaps with the old delight
If only a step comes nigh;
But I look down the pale green alder-way,
And "He never will come again," I say.

When evening purples the distant hills,
And none but the stars may see,
I kneel me here, while the hours go by,
Slowly and silently,
And "Ah, up the pale green alder-way
If he only might come again!" I pray.

O pipes of summer and flutes of spring!
O bird and blossom and brook!
My heart responds to thy lure and call,
Then sadly I turn and look
Down the path where the pale green alders grow,
For he never will come again, I know.

BETROTHAL

ONG had we pleasant comrades been,
And loved each other well;
Yet never had a traitor glance
The secret dared to tell.

And when that first sweet night we stood —
That rose-sweet night in June —
Alone, and watched the herald clouds
Outride the languid moon,

Yea, even then we did not guess,
But stood entranced, apart,
Until the silence suddenly
Beat with God's mighty heart.

And then — we know not how it was —
We trembled, each to each,
And kissed, . . . and all our pulses thrilled
Too holily for speech.

THE CHILDLESS MOTHER'S LULLABY



O H, many's the time in the evening
When the light has fled over the sea,
That I dream alone in the gloaming
Of the joys that are not for me;
And oft in my sorrowful bosom
Swells up the mother-love flame,
And I clasp with arms that are trembling
My child that never came;
Singing, — “ *Hush thee — hush thee — hush-a-by, dar-
ling,*
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,
Oh, hush thee — hush thee — hush-a-by, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest.”

The candles far down in the city
Shine out thro' the purplish gray,
And the stars come out in the heavens
And glimmer across the bay;

The murmuring waves steal homeward
 From the ocean's larger blue,
 As I dream alone in the gloaming
 Of the child that I never knew ;
 Singing, — "*Hush thee — hush thee — hush-a-by, dar-
 ling,*
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,
Oh, hush thee — hush thee — hush-a-by, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest."

Oh, the little warm cheek in my bosom,
 Oh, the little wet lips at the breast,
 Oh, the clinging, wee, satiny fingers
 To my longing lips that are pressed !
 There was never a song that was sweeter,
 Tho' its singer be laurelled with fame,
 Than the song that I sing in the gloaming
 To the child that never came :
 "*Oh, hush thee — hush thee — hush-a-by, darling,*
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,
Oh, hush thee — hush thee — hush-a-by, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest."

The hours swim on to the midnight,
The moon looks over the hill,
And the u-lu-lu of the night owl
Sinks mournfully and shrill;
The solitude aches with rapture,
And my heart with the mother-love flame,
As I sing alone in the gloaming
To the child that never came :
“ *Oh, hush thee — hush thee — hush-a-by, darling,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,
Oh, hush thee — hush thee — hush-a-by, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest.*”

BLOOM-TIME



HE silver buds are on the fir,
The sweet is on the balm,
The orchards blossom white and slow,
And thro' the scented calm
The wild thrush-poet lifts to God
His pure and lyric psalm.

The dogwood hangs her velvet stars
The alder deeps within,
A brook draws down the forest ways
Its laughter, sweet and thin,
And woodland minstrels blithely play
Flute, pipe, and violin.

It is the perfect blossom time,
The bloom of heart and year,
The earth aches with its rapture song,
The wind-bells sweet and clear
Ring one low word that every heart
Throbs full and strong to hear.

JUNE RAIN



UNE,

And a new moon

Flying the west, like a golden dove,
Thro' the clouds that swim,

Wraithlike and dim,

The sleeping amethyst sea above ;
The deep red rose

Thro' the dusk that glows,

With tremulous petals wide outspread,
And shakes perfume

Thro' the unlit room,

Where Sorrow sits with drooping head ;
The pale soft kiss

Of the clematis

On the pane . . . Later, the rain ;
Musical, light,

Thro' the long, sweet night,
The sorrow-hushing rain !
Oh, heart that aches,
And heart that breaks,
And heart that is torn with wild regret,
Take cheer again
In thy bitter pain,
There is hope for the sorriest hearted yet;
While speaks the rain
At the door and pane,
And to passionate plaining murmurs, — “ Hush ! ”
While its soft notes sigh
Like a lullaby
“ Hush thee, hush thee — hush — hush ! ”

THE SAILOR'S SWEETHEART

“ *WEETHEART, Sweetheart, Sweetheart !*”

Calleth the meadow-lark
Thro' the rose of dawn to me
Dreaming beside the sea ;
Oh, listen — oh, hark !
How joyously, liquidly clear
Over the meadows, I hear, —
“ *Sweetheart, Sweetheart, Sweetheart !* ”

And I think of my dearest across the sea,
The blue, blue sea that holds us apart ;
It is his own voice that calls to me
In the voice of the lark, —
“ *Sweetheart, Sweetheart !* ”

“ *Sadheart, Sadheart, Sadheart !* ”
Calleth the meadow-lark

Thro' the gray of dawn to me

Grieving beside the sea ;

Oh, listen — oh, hark !

How tenderly, mournfully clear,

Over the meadows, I hear, —

“ *Sadheart, Sadheart, Sadheart !* ”

And I think of my dearest beneath the sea,

The sea that holds us forever apart ;

It is his own voice that grieves to me

In the voice of the lark, —

“ *Sadheart, Sadheart !* ”

THE STILL WILLAMETTE RIVER



H, would that we might hear again
The balm leaves faintly shiver,
As on that night we drifted down
The still Willamette River !

The lilies rocked upon the waves,
The fragrant trees leaned over,
The happy winds blew sweet, blew low,
Along the banks of clover.

The river moved as if asleep,
The stars slipped down and sparkled
About us, while our idle oars
Scarce touched the waves that darkled ;
The fireflies upon the bank
Set all their lamps a-glowing,
And when we passed a dogwood tree,
Its pale soft blooms were snowing.

Those scented flakes of summer snow
Fell to the cool dark water,
The while a thrush sang clear and low
Love notes her mate had taught her;
In far-off marshy fields we heard
The crickets shrilly fluting,
And on the narrow bending reeds
The low-lipped waters luting.

Ah, then, we almost heard the sea,
We felt its restless beating,
And oh, your tender eyes grew sad
With every moment fleeting;
Into the sky we saw one flush
Of crimson dawnlight quiver,
The last star fell to fade and die
In the Willamette River.

Ah, would that we might hear again
The balm leaves faintly shiver,
Where, glimmering, darkling, to the sea,
The waves flow on forever;

And would that we might drift to-night
Where bright stars fall and quiver,
And folded lilies lie asleep
On the Willamette River.

THE WATCHWORD OF THE STARS



IGHT — and the cool soft air
And the murmurous sleep of the sea ;
And moving up the purple East
Orion's splendid three.

Night — and the silentness,
And the shadow-brooding lea ;
And moving thro' the mellow South
Orion's constant three.

Night — and the loneliness,
And the eyes that wake and weep ;
But calm and patient in the West
The stars that never sleep.

What is your watchword, stars ?
Tell me, Orion's three !
What is your message ? . . . Love,
Patience and Constancy ?

ADORATION



BRING up the East, O sun,
O mist, forsake the sea!
Shine, fir trees, every one,
With sudden radiancy!

Ye meadow-larks, sing clear,
Across the rippled mere,
And thro' thy golden-noted song shake all things
ecstasy.

Break, clouds, and whitely drift,
Blow, shadbush, by the creek;
Wild currant blossom, lift
Thy soft and crimson cheek;
In places dark and damp,
Oh, light thy yellow lamp,
Thou faithful dandelion, like a virgin pure and
meek.

Leap down thy pebbly bed,
Thou wild, sweet, singing stream;
Pale lily, rear thy head
From adoration's dream,
And in thy perfect cup
Burn all thy perfume up,
And lift its incense unto God in ravishment
supreme.

The long, dark night is gone;
Awake, O Earth, awake!
Behold the splendid dawn
Above the mountains break.
The golds and crimsons run,
Like heralds of the sun,
To blow long bugle-rays of light to valley, sea, and
lake.

Yea, forest, hill, and sea,
With rapturous passion ring;
Then, oh, thou soul of me,
Awake, arise, and sing!

These notes the larks upraise

Mount clear and high in praise ;

Then, oh, my soul, awake and soar to heaven's
gate and sing !

THE LADY OF POPPIES



DEAR Lady of Poppies, take my hand,
And lead me down to the Opal Sea,
Where lolls a boat on the languid tide,
The lifting, lilting, loitering tide,
Waiting for thee and me.

Dear Lady of Poppies, loose the sail,
Our course to the purple West is set,
And we are off for the beautiful isle,
The dreamy, mystical, marvellous isle,
Where the sorrowful go to forget.

Dear Lady of Poppies, the wind is fair,
The beryl water is cool and deep,
And this boat that silverly rises and falls,
That rocks and trembles and lifts and falls,
Surely its name is Sleep!

And far away, thro' the purple mist,
The pearly shore of an island gleams,
Of an island kissed by the lips of the sea,
By the cool, soft, pleading lips of the sea,
The mystical island of Dreams.

UNDAUNTED



HERE is a wind comes at the midnight
hour

Down this bleak canyon deep within
the hills,

So wild, so weird, so strong, it stirs and thrills
My soul, till it is like a shaken flower,
Close-nunneried in some dim old forest bower,
That pulls at its earth-roots to leap and go
Out on the mighty air-tide's ebb and flow —
What time the heavy rain clouds darkling lower.

Ah, to ride out on such a wind as this,
Gripped to Death's breast, upon his pallid steed,
Without an instant's warning or farewell!
To press his lips in one long dauntless kiss,
And shudder not in any coward creed,
But face what I deserve, be it heaven or hell.



"One of the best Western novels ever published."

— Newsletter, San Francisco.

MARIELLA, OF OUT=WEST

By Mrs. ELLA HIGGINSON

AUTHOR OF

"From the Land of the Snow Pearls"

"A Forest Orchid and Other Stories"

"When the Birds go North Again"

"The picture is clear, well balanced, and informing, and best of all, the story is at all times the prime affair, and . . . becomes more condensed, pungent, and direct, and in every way more absorbing and vital." — *Boston Herald.*

"One of the strongest of recent American novels." — *Boston Transcript.*

"An extraordinarily vivid and forceful piece of work."

— Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

"It is told with such grim fidelity that at times it fairly clutches the heart. . . . The story while touching is never depressing."

— Cleveland Leader.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

By Mrs. Ella Higginson

FICTION

MARIELLA, OF OUT-WEST

"One of the very best examples of the new literature that is coming out of the West. . . . This story of life on the borders of Puget Sound has depth, variety, keen intelligence, and distinction. . . . As the story proceeds, it increases in interest, but it increases very much more in power." — *The Boston Herald*.

FROM THE LAND OF THE SNOW PEARLS

"Mrs. Higginson's stories are wonderfully compact, and each has strong, single situation. . . . There is a freshness of feeling about them and a vividness of style which give them reality."
— *The Outlook*, New York.

A FOREST ORCHID AND OTHER STORIES

"Her touch is firm and clear; what she sees she sees vividly, and describes in direct, sincere English; of what she feels she can give an equally lucid report." — *The Tribune*, New York.

POEMS

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN

"The poetry of the volume is good, and its rare setting, amid the scenes and under the light of a sunset land, will constitute an attractive charm to many readers." — *The Boston Transcript*.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK





YC158942

